Attorneys-at-Law. Offices: Grangeville, Keller and Accomac C. H.,

Practice in all courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

OTHO F. MEARS. -Attorney-at-Law, -Offices: Eastville, Northampton County and Accomack Court House Practices in all courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia

JOHN S. PARSONS, Attorney-at-Law. Accomac Courthouse, Va. Will practice in all courts of Acco mac and Northampton Counties.

S. JAMES TURLINGTON Attorney-at-Law. Offices-Accomac C. H. and Fair Oaks, Va.

JNO. R. and J. HARRY REW, Attorneys-at-Law.

Offices—Accomac C. H. and Parksley. At Accomac C. H., every Wedneeday.

Will practice in all the courts on the
Will practice in all the courts on the
Staten Shore of Virginia.

To the Examination Committee of
the Farmers & Merchants National Bank of Onley, Va:

-Attorney-at-Law, -Offices: Parkeley and Accomac C. H. Practices in all courts of Accomac and Northampton Counties.

> BEN T. GUNTER, Attorney-at-Law, Accomac C. H., Va.,

Will practice in all the courts of

WARNER AMES, -Attorney-at-Law,---Offices: Accomac C. H. and Onancock At Accomac C. H. every Wednesday and Friday.

Will practice in all the courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

-ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,-

Franktown, Va Practices in all the courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

Will be at Eastville and Accomac H. first day of every court and at Eastville every Wednesday

Accomac C. H., Va.

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DR. H. D. LILLISTON, DENTIST. -Accomack Court House, Va .-

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G. WALTER MAPP. J. BROOKS MAPP Farmers & Herchants National Bank, Onley, Va.

Statement of the Financial Condition at the close of business Dec. 5, Bills & Notes Discounted .. \$206,263 83 Stocks & Bonds...... 42,396.8 Approved Reserve..... 22,409.73 Overdrafts. Furniture & Fixtures..... 2,461,53 C S. Bonds. 104,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds. 4.700.00
Banking House & Other
Real Estate 6,275.76
Due From Banks

Due From Banks.... Redemption Fund..... Liabilities. Capital Stock..... Individual Deposits ... Due To Banks......

\$415,466.56

We have verified the attached state nents showing the financial condi-tion of the bank at the close of business December 5th, 1908, and hereby

isted by us in the presence of the members of your committee, the rerents from the various banks, and all that which is Caesar's even as to the ther assets are verified by proper en-

The liabilities we have proven by the writing up of the majority of the and also by the addition of the led-gers and a complete audit of all ac-

The general conduct of the busines has been such as to commend itself to any one desiring a safe depository their funds and the accounting system in vogue is the equal of the

argest of our banks of the State.
This is the third examination we

Respectfully submitted, H. B. Boudar & Son.

Report of Examining Committee to Board of Directors. To the Board of Directors, Farmers not too early. They eat breakfast

Boudar and also counted the cash. their muancial statement and their report which is very gratifying indeed to your Committee, and we are sure it will be equally so to the Board of other substantials are devoured. Here The examination and re- and there one of the presumably faithport certainly reflects great credit ful proves faithless and falls before upon the active officials of the Bank. Christmas, his craving for a meat diet Respectfully submitted,

Jno. W. Rogers, Examining Committee.

### Carriage Emporium

BELLE HAVEN, VA.,

-With a Fine Line of-Top Buggies,

Surreys, Phaetons. Runabouts, Speed Carts,

lowest margin of profit. The vehi-cles are all of best make and prices right. Call and see them and get my

Yours truly, GEO. W. ABDELL,

# CARRIAGES.

of the different factories Hresala Pappanicelas. And don't let who build them for me.

Call and examine them at my place over F. A. West's their feast to an end with the cups of

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Ricomtown, Tr.

ACCOMAC C. H., VA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1908.

### January' Christmas of the Julianites

By ROBERT DONNELL.

4.700.00 [Copyright, 1908, by American Press Asso-

HRISTMAS comes but once a year," wrote somebody, and everybody accepted the statement as truth. It is not true, however, for Christmas comes twice a year. Those of us who reckon by the Gregorian calendar celebrate Dec. 25. Those who still adhere to the Julian 8,000.00 calendar observe Jan. 7. Russia is the only great nation which still holds out 50,000.00 for the Julian calendar. The Greek Catholic church sticks to the time measurement adopted by Julius Caesar forty-six years before the birth of

Christ. Thus the Greeks and all the adherents of that church, including the Russians, of course, hold their Christmas on the 7th day of January. In the city of

New York both Christmas days The January date, as a matter of course, is observed by com-

observed rigidly, claborately and faithfully by "on board."

New York city has a considerable population of Greeks, Russians, Arpass books and the comparison of the account currents from other banks, garians, Montenegrins and Vlachs, all of whom observe the Julianic Christmas. For forty days prior to Jan. 7 they observe a fast, eating no meat, neither beast, fish nor fowl. They eat fish eggs or caviare, but draw the line there. Their principal diet for the for-

ty days' fasting is made up of olives, beans, caviare bread and crackers. But at 6 o'clock on the morning of ave made of your Institution and we | Christmas day, Jan. 7, the Julianist fast is over. It is not necessary to hint that these people count the days The officials having charge of the funds have full accounted for all monies passing through their hands. sary arrives. These facts are obvious. till Christmas or that they rejoice and Christmas means for them a glorious feast, a square meal, several square meals-in fact, a round of square meals Our Julianist friends go to church early on their Christmas, morning, but, Merchants National Bank, first. High mass is celebrated in the Greek Orthodox church at 8 o'clock. The forty days' fast having ended two Boudar & Son, Public Accountants of Richmond, Va., to audit all of the Bank's accounts. Three members of its symbolic character goes, is a your Committee were present and spiced loaf of rye bread covered and they went over each bond with Mr. filled with walnuts, with a cross cut counted the cash.
hand you a copy of compa—"bread of the Christ." But it

> being too strong to resist. This weak brother is ignored by the faithful. It is in the cafes in the sections of the city where the Julianists dwell that this Christmas day is celebrated with the most visible gusto. The Greek "young bloods" gather in the little restaurants and sit long over tables heavy with edibles and light with wines



THIS WEAR BROTHER IS IGNORED BY THE

The names of some of the diners are us forget Nicholas Booras, editor of the Daily Thermopylae, who gets out an extra edition in honor of the day.

These Greeks, many of them arrayed in gorgeous new clothing, bring Turkish coffee and the Turkish cigarettes, mixed in with songs and toasts It is highly interesting for a plain American, with a plain name like Jim Jones, to sit in one of these cafes and hear the songs of the foreign gentlemen with the seven jointed surnames, observe the satisfaction depicted in their countenances as the feast goes on and receive the impression that this is real Christmas cheer, though it be thirteen days late according to ou: method of counting time.

The Brakeman's Advise. Down in Maine is a town called Burnham, situated on a small branch railroad that joins the main line at Burnham Junction. One day as the train approached the latter place the brakeman entered the car and in his usual stentorian tones went through his regular rigmarole when a station and junction are reached.

"Burnham Junction!" he shouted. "Burnham Junction! Change cars for aviator, Mrs. Comeup." Burnham! Leave no articles in the



## Santa Claus on "The Limited"

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Asso-60 HE Chicago Limited was pulling out of the Grand Central station in New York as Dr. Henry Van Valkenberg submitted his ticket to the gateman. He dashed paratively few through, pushing that indignant offipersons, but it is cial to one side, made a leap for the railing of the last car of the train and a friendly brakeman dragged him Dr. Van Valkenberg smiled a little ruefully as he thanked the man and rubbed the aching surface of his hand. Then he pulled himself together, picked up the books and

newspapers he had dropped and which

the bystanders had enthusiastically

成三海

haven in the "O-oh! Were you hurt?" said a voice behind

burled after him

and sought his

very dignified and wholly self ingly. possessed and fully four years old. She was looking up at him with dark brown eyes and solicitude that he smiled irrepressibly. "Why, no, thank you," he said.

man help me on to the car?" turned as she spoke and toddled into He threw back his gray head and but kindly faced elderly woman sat. "Won't you come over and visit me?" "I am very lonely, and I he asked. have no one to take care of me."

She slid off the seat at once, with great alacrity. "I'd like to," she said, "but I must ask Nana. I must always ask Nana now," she added, with dutiful empha-

sis, "'fore I do anyfing." She laid her hand on the gloved fingers of the nurse as she spoke, and the woman opened her eyes, shot a quick glance at the man and nodded. She had not been asleep. Dr. Van Valkenberg rose and lifted his visitor to the sent beside him, where her short legs stuck out in uncompromising rigidity. "I can take care of you," she said brightly. "I taked care of mamma

great deal, and I gave her her med'might need you in the night to get me from that section he'd fill them." a glass of water or something. . Just think how disappointing it would be if I should call you by the wrong name and some other little girl came!"

"You say funny things," she said contentedly. "But there isn't any other little girl in the car. I looked soon as I came in, 'cos I wanted one to play with. I like little girls. I like little boys, too," she added, with innocent expansiveness.

"Then we'll play I'm a little boy You'd never believe it, but I used to be. You haven't told me your name." "Hope," she said promptly. "Do you think it is a nice name?" She made the inquiry with anxious interest.

"I think Hope is the nicest name a little girl could have except one," he said. "The nicest little girl I ever knew was named Katharine. She grew to be a nice big girl, too, and has little girls of her own now, no doubt," he added, half to himself. "Were you a little boy when she wa

"Oh, no; I was a big man, just as am now. Her father was my friend and she lived in a white house with an old garden where there were al kinds of flowers. She used to play there when she was a tiny baby, an I would carry her around and hold her nigh up so she could pull the apples and pears off the trees. When she grew larger I gave her a horse and taught her to ride. She seemed like

a little girl?" asked his visitor.

A Fair Offer. Small boy (who has been watching amateur gunner's failures for an hour

my very own little girl, but by and by

Sportsman-Well, what is it, boy? "Gimme a nickel an' a start as far as the fence an' you kin have one at

won't you?'

and I never had another little girl," "Did she go to heaven?" asked the Later, in the feverish excitement of little girl softly. "Oh, dear, no!" answered the doctor, with brisk cheerfulness.

"Then why didn't she keep on being your little girl always?"
The doctor hesitated a moment. He was making the discovery that after many years old wounds can reoper and throb. No one had ever beer brave enough to broach to him the sub-Dr. Van Val-kenberg, who

"Well, you see," he explained, "other beys liked her too. And when she be came a young lady other men liked from his great her. So finally—one of them took her away from me." He uttered the last words wearily, baby. At least and the sensitive atom at his sid

she seemed a seemed to understand why. Her little baby to him, at the slipped into his, "Why didn't you ask her to please stny with you?" she persisted pity-"I did," he told her. "But, you see

she liked the other man better." "Oh-h-h!" The word came out long drawn and breathless. "I don't see how she possibly could." There were such sorrow for the vic am not hurt. Didn't you see the kind tim and scorn for the offender in the

"I'm very glad," she said, with dig-nity. "I was 'fraid he hurt you." She for Dr. Van Valkenberg's self control. of surprising fitness. the section opposite his, where a plain burst into an almost boyish shout of laughter, which effectually cleared the atmosphere of senti-

> "Where are you your stockings tonight?" he asked "I can't hang them up," she answered soberly. doesn't travel on trains. Nana says.

"Nana is al-

mental memories.

the doctor oracularly, "and of

DRAGGING CARTS AND COURSE you must WOOLLY LAMBS. do exactly as she You see," he explained, "I a pair of small black stockings hanging

> Her eyes sparkled. if she says I may hang them I will. But one," she added conscientiously, "has a teeny, weeny hole in the toe. Do you think he would mind that?" He reassured her on this point and turned to the nurse.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I've charge, and I want your help to carry out a plan of mine. I have suggested to Hope that she hang up her stock- about the child?" he asked. "She apings tonight. I have every reason to peals to me very strongly, probably bebelieve that Santa Claus will get on this train at Buffalo. In fact," he added, "I mean to telegraph him."

The nurse hesitated a moment. He handed her one of the bits of pasteboard it contained.

cheerfully. "If you are a New Yorker, erfully and compellingly. you may possibly know who I am." The woman's face lit up as she read the name. She turned toward him im- was a widow, Mrs. Katharine Armipulsively, with a very pleasant smile. "Indeed I do, doctor," she said. "Who does not? Dr. Abbey sent for She had saved a little, enough to pay you last week," she added, "for a most of her expenses at the hospital. consultation over the last case I had- We all loved the woman. She was this child's mother. But you were out very unusual and patient and charmof town. We were all so disappointed." ing. with professional brevity. "Yes, doctor."

He rose from his seat. "Now that you have my creden-Bouncing Betsey.

There is an old fashioned flower callwhere it grows and blooms and pro-tests scales being pushed out entests against being pushed out en-tirely. There are some dear old feeb the latter to the cock. "I hear your son is something of an

the grew up and became a young lady, tials," he said cordially, "I want you -well, she went away from me, and Hope to dine with me. You will,

> hanging up her stockings, going to bed and peeping through the curtains to catch part of Hope's extraordinary repose of man-

> > with great reluc-When the curberth had ceased trembling a most unusual procession wend-

> > > toward Dr. Van

ner deserted

"I'LL BE YOUR OWN Valkenberg's LITTLE GIRL." section. In some ecult manner the news had gone from one end to the other of the car Florodora, had hung up her stockings for Santa Claus. The hearts of fathers, mothers and doting uncles re sponded at once. Dressing cases were unlocked, great vallses were opened, tone that, combined with the none too mysterious bundles were unwrapped,

breaths and happy gurgles awoke the passengers on the car Florodora at an unseemly hour Christmas morning, and a small white figure, clad informally in a single garment, danced up and down the aisle, dragging carts and woolly lambs behind it. Occasionally there was the squeak of a talking doll, and always there were the patter of small feet and soft cooing of a child's laughter. Dawn was just approach ing, and the lamps, still burning, flared pale in the gray light. But in the "Santa Claus length of that car there was no soul so base as to long for silence and the pillow. Crabbed old faces looked out between the curtains and smiled. Eyes long unused to tears felt a sudden. ways right," said strange moisture.

Throughout the day the snow still fell, and the outside world seemed far away and dreamlike to Dr. Van Valkenberg. The real things were this "Yery well," he said, with the smile says. But I heard that Santa Claus was train, cutting its way through the women loved; "if you really are going going to get on the train tonight at snow, and this little child, growing to take care of me I must know your Buffalo, and I believe that if he found deeper into his heart with each moment that passed. The situation was unique, but easy enough to understand, he told himself. He had merely gone "Then I'll ask Nana," she said. "And back twenty-five years to that other child whom he had petted in infancy and loved and lost in womanhood. He had been very lonely-how lonely he had only recently begun to realize-and he was becoming an old man whose life lay behind him. He crossed the nisle suddenly and sat down beside taken a great fancy to your little the nurse, leaving Hope singing her doll to sleep in his section.

"Will you tell me all you know cause she's so much like some one I used to know." The nurse closed her book and look

ed at him curiously. She had heard drew his cardcase from his pocket and much of him, but nothing would explain this interest in a strange child. He himself could not have explained "I have no evil designs," he added it. He knew only that he felt it pow-"Her name is Hope Armitage," she

said. "Her mother, who has just died, tage. They were poor, and Mrs. Armitage seemed to have no relatives. All the nurses who had any "Patient died?" asked the physician, thing to do with her cried when she We felt that she might have been saved if she had come in time, but she was worked out. She had through the throng, and his heart was earned her living by sewing after her in his eyes as he smiled back at her.

The byways as well as the highways ed "Bouncing Betsey," which every one of church life furnish much in the should love for one trait. We have no- way of wit and humor. What, for inticed that it grows on all neglected stance, could be more mirth provoking graves, as if trying to cover up the than the naive confession of the cool fact that some one who once lived is forgotten. It may also be found in corners of old fashloned gardens, ers, was complimented on her choice



husband's death three years ago, and she kept at it day and night. She was so sweet, so brave, yet so desperately alone in the world."

was true, then. This was Katharine's child. He had not known of the death | He's spent the of Armitage nor of the subsequent poverty of his widow, but he had known Katharine's baby, he now told himself, the moment he saw her. she died we raised a small fund to buy some clothes for Hope and take her

Dr. Van Valkenberg sat silent. It

to Chicago to her new home. Mrs. Armitage has a cousin there who has agreed to take her in. None of the relatives came to the funeral. There are not many of them, and the Chicago people haven't much money, I

Dr. Van Valkenberg was hardly sur prised. Life was full of extraordinary situations, and his profession had brought him face to face with many of them. Nevertheless a deep solemnity filled him, and a strange peace

settled over him. "I want her," he said briefly. mother and father were old friends of mine, and this thing looks like fate. Will they give her to me-these Chicago people-do you think?"
Tears filled the woman's eyes.

"Indeed they will," she said, "and gladly. There was"-she hesitatedthere was even some talk of sending her to an institution before they finally decided to take her. Dear little Hope How happy she will be with you!" He left her and went back to the

seat where Hope sat crooning to the Sitting down, he gathered them both up in his arms, and a thrill shot through him as he looked at the yellow curis resting against his breast. Her child-her little, helpless baby-now his child to love and care for! He was not a religious man. Nevertheless a prayer rose spontaneously in his

ago I asked a little girl to come and live with me, and she would not come. Now I want to ask you to come and stay with me always and be my own ittle girl and let me take care of you and make you happy. Will you come? The radiance of June sunshine broke out upon her face and shone in the brown eyes upturned to his. How well he knew that look! Hope did not turn toward Nana, and that significant omis sion touched him deeply. She seemed

"Hope," he said gently, "once long

to feel that here was a question she alone must decide. She drew a long breath as she looked up at him. "Really, truly?" she asked. Then, as he nodded without speaking, she saw something in his face that was new to her. It was nothing to frighten a little girl, for it was very sweet and tender, but for one second she thought her new friend was going to cry. She put both arms around his neck and replied softly, with the exquisite maternal cadences her voice had taken on in her first words to him when she entered the car: "I'll be your own little girl, and I'll

take care of you too. You know, you said I could." Dr. Van Valkenberg turned to the

"I shall go with you to her cousin's from the train," he announced. "I'm ready to give them all the proofs they need that I'm a suitable guardian for the child, but," he added, with a touch of the boyishness that had never left him, "I want this matter settled now." The long train pounded its way into the station at Chicago, and Dr. Van

Valkenberg summoned a porter. "Take care of these things," he said indicating both sets of posses

He gathered



SHE NESTLED AGAINST "Mer HIS BROAD CHEST. mas!" "Merry Christ

on every side. Everybody was absorbed and excited, yet there were few who did not find time to turn a last look on a singularly attractive little child held above the crowd in the arms of a tall man. She was laughing triumphantly as he bore her

Off His Mind. "Have you forgotten that X that you borrowed of me some time ago?" "Oh, no. I still have it in my mind." "Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of

### When Santa Came to Cactus Gulch

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

Copyright, 1908, by American Press Asso-TT THEN Santy come to Cactus we wuz not expectin' him Our almanac connections

bein' broken off complete. In fact, with us the trail o' time had got so mortal dim We only knowed 'twuz winter by the

absence o' the heat.

Says I to Pinky Perkins, with a squint at Desert Dan-Says I: "We'd orter hustle for a little extry feed.

It's 'long about Thanksgivin'." "W'y," says Pinky P .- "w'y, man, I'll bet it's nearer New Year's, for the old one's gone to seed."

We argied it an' argied it till Desert Dan put up His canvas bag o' nuggets an' a pint

o' yaller dust year collectin' in his pewter drinkin' cup. "It's Christmas in a week,

he says; "[']] or bust." Thanksgivin' wuz about the proper date, As judgin' by

an' Pinky still declared That New Year' wuz the blow next upon the "THERE

an' dared an' dared an' dared. "See here," says Desert, "I can feel the season in my bones; I sense a sort o' hankerin' for days of old long sign,

But Desert waved his nugget bag

When I wuz back in Jersey an' my name wuz Daniel Jones; I'm lonesome as the soldier wuz at Bingen-on-the-Rhine." Then Desert up an' tells us what he's

never said before-As how he had a cottage an' a wo man an' a kid; some misunderstandin' havin' made his sperrit sore, Nigh on to twenty years ago he sim

ply up and slid. I looked at Pinky Perkins then, an' Pinky looked at me, But both of us wuz silent, an' we looked at Desert Dan,

But he wuz sizzlin' hacon for a supper

feed for three, An', shore as I'm a sinner, there wuz teardrops in the pan! That night we set an' hugged the stove, while all around the shack

desert blizzard whistled an' the snow wuz whirlin' thick. It shore wuz Christmas weather, but there shorely wuz a lack Of anything suggestin' o' our ancient friend St. Nick.

The door bust open suddent-like, an', stranger, dog my cat! there ain't Santy Claus hisself, in



"IF THERE AIN'T SANTY CLAUS HISSELF." With snow a-clingin' funny to his ortomobile hat, As swell a Santy makeup, sir, as anywhere you'll meet.

But when he turned his bearskin down his whiskers fell away (It wuzn't anything but snow collected on the fur), An' back of him an angel stood-yes,

An' Desert Dan got wobbly when he up an' looked at her. Young Santy says, "Is Mr. Jones at home tonight?" says he, At which old Desert gives a gasp,

but struggles to his feet. Then me an' Pinky we vamoosed in honor of the three. For if they wuzn't Joneses you can douse my glim complete! That's all the story, stranger, but I'm

some inclined to add

When Santy come to Cactus with his

angel's what I say-

mother, which he did, clean upset the notions we had always previous had, For daddy got the Christmas gift, and Santy wuz the kid!

Partners In Debts. "My tooth is just killing me," she complained. "Why don't you go to the dent about it?" asked he.
"Because," said she, "I ow

money.' "You and I seem to be in h

said he. "Now, look at

The sorrow of yesterday is as noth time I go out in my

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Report of Auditors to Examining

certify that they are correct. The asset of cash we have proven by an actual count of the funds in the vault, the bills receivable have been

ries upon the ledger.

that we have no suggestions, for any

We beg to advise you that since the ast meeting of your Board we have secured the services of Messrs. H. B. world before they enter the house of

W. A. Burton, Chairman, A. J. McMath,

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